

Parvum in Multo.

BY NOSAM.

Two young men, coming out of a church, the other Sabbath, where they had been to hear a very prominent minister, had the following conversation: "How did you like the discourse?" says one. "It was grand—a burst of eloquence," was the reply, "but it seemed to me that he did not believe what he was preaching himself." Will not this probably throw some light on the reason why some of these eloquent sermons do not convert more souls than they do. Eloquence without earnestness and the power of God's Spirit is about as much good to a hungry, gospel-famishing soul, as a bundle of patent medicine almanacs, bound in Morocco and gilt edged, would be to an editor. If we can only cultivate one of these graces, let us rather strive for earnestness, and invoke the presence of God's spirit in our heart, and let the eloquence take care of itself. If our souls and hearts and minds are full of the desire to save souls, the eloquence will surely follow in some shape or another. If a man cannot speak eloquently, he may at least be able to live eloquently. That kind of eloquence is always successful in doing good.

A balky horse is a nuisance. He will often spoil a whole team. When the other horses are ready to pull, he generally plants his feet solid on the ground and refuses to move, and if he does move it is backward. The whip or stroking and coaxing has no effect on him. And then when he does make up his mind to go, you would think he was going to tear the traces all to pieces, and he always starts before the others can get ready, so that his pulling amounts to nothing. It is a jerk and then a stop. This is the way with spasmodic Christianity. Religion that shows itself in spurts and jerks seldom accomplishes anything. No, brethren, it is the steady pulling horse that is to be depended on in great uphill duties of Christian work. Pull steadily, pull evenly, and pull altogether, and the cause must move along.

The other day my attention, in some way or another, was drawn to the fact that in the East, the people show their reverence for a sacred place or a sacred presence by baring his feet, while he keeps his head covered. And in the West, under the same circumstances, they will bare their heads, and keep their feet covered. The spirit and intention in both cases are the same, the custom alone is different. Now here is a principle that manifests itself in directly opposite ways, which is right and which is wrong? Or are both right. This difference in observance and sameness in intention may be applied in many ways among us, and help to smooth down many difficulties and prejudices. It is the empty barrel that makes the greatest noise when struck; it is the empty wagon that rattles and jolts along the road; it is pouring water into a heated, empty boiler that causes an explosion. A ship without a cargo could be upset by a very small wind; and so all along through life we are taught that emptiness and idleness are unnatural. How much more so is this true of man. Man will and must be occupied in doing good or evil. In every avenue of life, we have each a burden to bear. Then let us be careful the burden is one that will truly steady us through the trials of life, as the cargo steadies the ship amidst the waves and wind. There is a burden offered by the Lord, although it is "light" it will steady us through the voyage of time and land us safely in the harbor of Eternal Love.

"Leave That Ship."

On the 29th of January, 1883, when returning from Lewiston, Me., where I had spent the Lord's day in gospel labor, I felt inclined to stop over an hour or two at Biddeford, though I could hardly tell why I did so. After seeing several acquaintances, I sat in the shoe-store of a friend, it being nearly time for me to take the train, when an old friend and brother A. P. H., chanced to come in. Conversation turned upon a book which I had with me, *The Guiding Hand*, and brother H. remarked that there was an incident in his experience which I ought to have in that book. He proceeded to relate as follows:

About the summer of 1852 he was a young man

living in Ossipee, New Hampshire. It was a time of revival. Many souls were converted, and he himself was deeply convicted of sin. But he resisted the impressions made upon his mind, and refused to yield to the pleadings of the Holy Spirit. One Sunday there was to be a baptism of new converts. He did not dare to attend the baptism, and with the hope of stifling his convictions he took his gun and went off by the pond to shoot ducks. But he could not drive away the reproofs of the Holy Spirit, and when evening came, he went to a meeting that was held in the neighborhood. An invitation was given for those who desired salvation to rise; but he found himself as unable to do so as if there were tons of weight hanging to him. He felt restless and uneasy, and determined to leave home and go to sea, to get rid of the convictions that were harassing him. As he left, a brother, Hiram G—y, said to him "I shall pray for you, wherever you go." He cared but little for this, for he did not know then of the power of fervent and believing prayer.

He left New Hampshire and came to Boston, and shipped on board the "Waverly," a fine, large ship, which was lying at or near Long Wharf. One day after he had shipped, as he was going up into the city, when half-way up the wharf, a voice said to him, "LEAVE THAT SHIP!" He looked all about him to see whence the voice came, but there was nobody near him; but the mysterious words made such an impression on his mind that he left the vessel,—the only time in his life that he ever left a ship after he had shipped for a voyage—and without regard to consequences, went and shipped on board the "Tempest" Captain Patten, of Bath, and sailed from Eastport to Liverpool. As they were returning from Liverpool to Philadelphia, there was a Swede on board the ship, a Christian man, whom the sailors delighted to torment and persecute for his piety, calling him various nicknames, such as "Testament Bill," and annoying him in different ways. He was joining with the rest in this persecution, on Christmas eve, when the persecuted man turned to him and said "You would not talk so to me, unless your conscience was seared with a hot iron."

However his conscience might have been seared, this word, "sharper than a two edged sword," pierced him like the thrust of a Damascus blade. Smarting with pain at the merited reproof, he ceased his taunts, and turned away and went to the other side of the ship. There, in his chest, he found a Bible which had been given him by Mrs. Alpheus Clark rubbed the mold off the cover, and commenced reading the word of God. The more he read, the worse he felt. Day after day passed, and his soul was in darkness and agony, until at length on New Year's night, in the middle of the Atlantic, when they were ringing the old year out and the new year in, he went below, between decks, and prayed, pouring out his heart to God in sincere penitence, and finding peace through the blood of Christ; and he then commenced the new year, a new man in Christ Jesus, determined to live a new life.

On the thirty-fourth day from Liverpool, the "Tempest" reached Philadelphia, and on arriving there, instead of starting for the theatre, as was his custom, he set out for the prayer-meeting, and found fellowship among the disciples of the Lord; a fellowship which is still precious to his heart.

Thus the mysterious voice which had called him to "Leave that ship" after he had shipped for the voyage, had guided him where he had received the word of God, and believed unto everlasting life. But it was a long time before he knew the full import of that call. He had often wondered why it was that he, an ungodly man, was called thus to leave the ship where he had engaged to sail. Yet the fact of meeting the Swedish sailor, and finding salvation on the ocean, seemed a sufficient reason for the change that was made, and with this he was content; but he often wondered what became of the Waverly.

In 1862 we issued a volume entitled, *The Signs of the Times; or a Glance at Christendom as It Is*, in the fourth chapter of which reference was made to the horrors and atrocities of the Chinese Coolie trade, which had only recently been prohibited. Our friend had settled in Biddeford, and purchased

a copy of this book. One day he sat reading this chapter, he started as he saw the heading "The Coolie Ship Waverly;" and read with indelible emotions, how that vessel sailed from Boston harbor on her hellish errand, to carry a cargo of Chinamen from the illegal port of Swatow in China to Cuba, where they were doomed to what was virtually called slavery or death.

On account of the death of her master, she put into Manilla, October 24, 1855; and was ordered to Cavito, some six miles distant, for sanitary inspection. The Coolies were mutinous; the acting master sought help from the Spanish authorities, but they refused it until it was too late. Soon after a few of the Coolie cooks made demands for wages, and as the mate was unable to satisfy them at once, they grew turbulent and threatened violence. To defend himself the mate killed several of them, and drove the rest below, fastening down the hatches to prevent their coming on deck.

At midnight October 27, the hatches were again opened to allow them to come on deck, and revealed the horrible fact that the whole of the Coolies were dead. Some had their throats cut, some were crowded into the water tanks, the greater part being strangled. Confined between decks for twelve or fourteen hours, without air, light, or water, sweating and dying, they had been crazed by their sufferings, and had evidently risen like maddened beasts and destroyed and slaughtered each other. From midnight till ten o'clock the next evening the crew of that vessel was at work discharging the dead from that awful prison house; and this was the work in which our friend might have been engaged, if he had not heeded the mysterious admonition that sent him away from that vessel.

Our friend now knew for the first time the full meaning of the voice which had said, "Leave that ship!" which thus saved him from that scene of horrible carnage into which he was so nearly entrapped; and he could only fall down and give thanks to God for the wonderful deliverance which he had experienced. Presently his wife entered the room and finding him on his knees pouring out his heart to God in prayer and thanksgiving, said,

"What's the matter now?"

"Look at that book," said he, as he pointed to the open page, and told the story of the care of God over a rebellious wanderer, so fully illustrating the words of the Psalmist;

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

The account was completed. Pencil in hand we had jotted it down, and when it was done we felt that our errand at Biddeford was accomplished, and we were ready to start for Boston, with another record of the wondrous guidance of a wise and gracious Providence.—THE CHRISTIAN.

The Christian Bible.

The revision of the early Protestant versions of the Bible in different countries, and the wide-spread interest felt in the work among all classes, are among the many signs that the Scriptures are not losing their hold upon the minds of men. The study of comparative religion does not operate to weaken, it rather tends to increase, the influence and authority of the Christian Bible. Let anyone attempt to read the Koran, and he will rise from the effort with a profounder sense of the depth of power that belongs to the prophets and apostles. Editions of heathen Scriptures and excerpts from heathen sages, which have been sometimes put forth as rivals of the Bible, bring no very large profit to editors or publishers. The Bible remains a well-spring of spiritual life. The conviction is not likely to be dislodged that within its hallowed pages life and immortality are in truth brought to light. The progress of culture and civilization in the lapse of ages does not lessen the worth of the treasure which they contain.—CENTURY MAGAZINE.